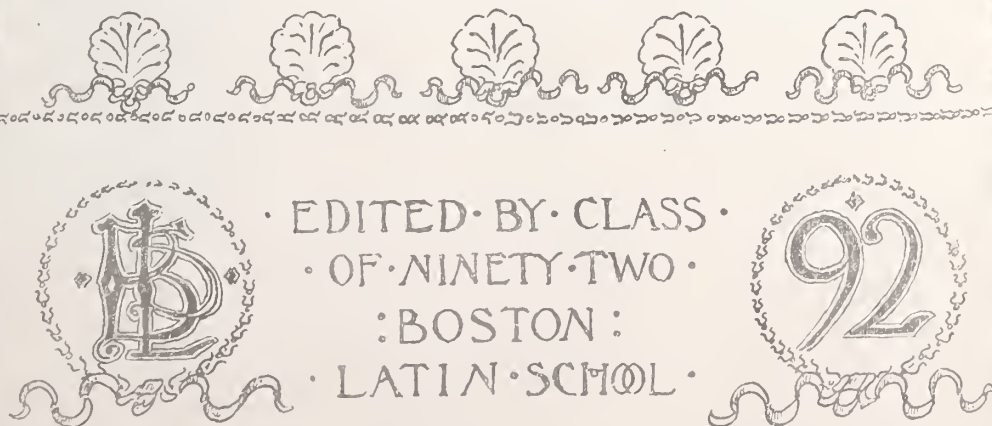




# LATIN SCHOOL REGISTER



A.O. PRATT · des. et del.

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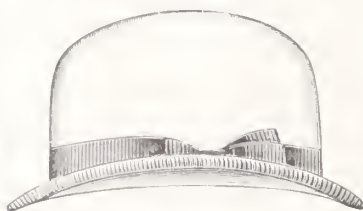
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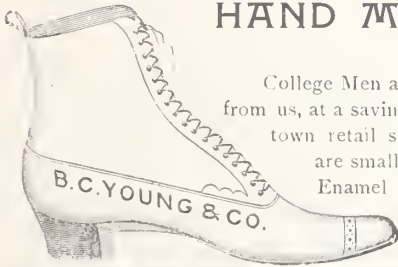
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## EDITOR'S DESK.

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"How are the mighty fallen." The English High, renowned for its bodily strength, and the Cambridge Latin, distinguished for its mental abilities, both vanquished by that collection of so-called physical weaklings, the Boston Latin School. The close proximity of Thanksgiving raised the price of fowl so much that we were unable to purchase a rooster with which to decorate our pages. What sufficient reward can we give the team that has worked so hard and successfully? Surely the cups offered by the Harvard Latin School Association are none too good for the eleven. But, to digress from these boastful remarks, and review the team's work, there are some things to be regretted. More hard practice and a greater self-sacrifice on the part of one or two individuals would have raised us above our present position. But a school like ours has many more obstacles in its path than have the other members of the Association, and, considering these, we have only congratulations and praise to bestow upon the team.

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AN error was made in the first issue of the REGISTER in giving Mary Mapes Dodge the pseudonym *Gail Hamilton*. The mistake occurred in the manuscript of the essay and was overlooked by us. We have good reasons for believing that no such mistake will be seen again.

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## RECOLLECTIONS OF ENGLISH SCHOOLS.

---

The most striking thing I remember of the English schools is the cane. It was cane, cane, cane. But more of this later. In the city of Manchester, England, when I was quite young, I attended three or four schools. I believe they were called public, although my parents paid for tuition and books. I was in the lowest classes of the grammar school grade. The buildings, although large, were not well suited for school purposes. The building in which I remained for some time contained the primary, grammar, and advanced grades. For the grammar division there were a few small rooms, which, when not occupied by the sewing and drawing classes, were used in turn by the different classes as recitation rooms.

The main class-room was a hall about as large as our exhibition hall. In this all the classes of the school were held. It looked much like the rooms of many American Sunday Schools. Along one side of this large room was piled a number of unused settees. I have known of boys who, wishing to "hook jack," crawled along the floor under these benches, and, covered with dust, dashed out through the door near the end of the pile. Along the same side and also in one corner, settees were arranged in squares. These squares were used like our rooms by the classes. At the middle of the other side was the master's desk and platform, while in the corner were the only real desks used by the school and these only on visiting days.

Girls and boys were in the same class, but the girls sat together on one side of the square and the boys on the other. At the opening of the school, prayers were read by the master; his next, and generally long and exciting business was caning. During prayers the row of doomed wretches stood in front of his desk. After prayers the master set to work on the

row, with the school, amused, though sympathetic, most of them had been there themselves, covertly looking on. The master took especial pains to whip the culprits first, and afterwards hear any excuses that might be offered. Periodically during the day this performance was acted. I say acted, for often, though not always, the roars of the chastised were lusty and prolonged for the purpose of impressing the master with a magnified idea of the pain and effectiveness of the punishment.

A greater interest in the whipping was manifested by the other scholars if the boy about to be punished was known, from former experience, to be one who enlivened the scene by his antics and roars. In every school which I attended in England, the boy element was agitated by the problem of how to get some antidote for "cane poison." The most generally accepted remedy was resin well rubbed into the palm. The resin shops did a great business with the school-boys. When a boy was told by his teacher to go to the master for punishment, he bargained among his mates for some resin. This he broke up into powder, and, while going at a snail's pace to the master's desk, he rubbed it well upon his hands.

The boys had a belief that resin had a miraculous power of defence against the cane. I never seemed to derive much benefit from using it, but I attributed this to the small amount I used. I was whipped for being late, and especially for writing poorly; all the different teachers "lighted" on me for my writing. One whipped me for using the greater part of an ink-bottle on one page. Another whipped me for writing my letters with too great a slant, and again, on the next day, for slanting them ridiculously in the opposite direction. English schools were always noted for this method of punishment. In the schools of Scotland I found punishment more like the American plan.

During recitations the large room hummed with the noise of many voices. Stammering recitations, teachers giving out lessons, private brawls between mischievous boys, whispering of girls, all helped to swell the noise. During

the working out of sums we were made to stand back to back, and in this position, safe from copying, at least from the fellow we were backed up against, we did our work. The recitations were conducted generally the same as in our American schools, but somehow or other more progress was made in learning than in our schools.

English school boys are active in athletics. Their teachers encourage them in their sports. Once we had a sort of field day, when the whole school went to a very large common, and, while the younger scholars indulged in quieter games, the masters and the older boys had a general foot-ball game. And, although divided into sides, both sides managed to settle some old scores with the masters. During election time, the party spirit of the boys ran high. They were exceedingly interested in their candidates. The party colors were much worn at school by the boys; and often in heated discussions appeal was made to force of arms. The blue-ribboned Conservatives tried to outstrip the red-ribboned Liberals. The English school boys seem to take a zealous interest in their elections and in public matters generally.

The teaching in these schools was energetic, and the scholars under its influence were bright and successful in their studies. Close attention and application to their lessons were required, and the boys and girls received a thorough and practical education.

J. C. S. A.

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### MILITARY.

---

Little of interest has occurred in military matters since the last issue of the REGISTER except the change of tactics. This change is undoubtedly beneficial, in many ways, but why not have it postponed for a year or two? It is certain that such a move would meet with the approval of the entire battalion, especially of the officers. But it seems that this is impossible, so be we resigned to the inevitable.

But where are our *quondam* beautiful "wheels," where our matchless "support-arms," where lots of other grand old manœu-

vres that we shall see no more? We can barely restrain the lachrymal fluid from oozing from our optical organs, and ejaculate with Pitt, "Gentle Shepherd, tell me where?"

But, to dwell for a moment on the advantages of the new tactics. What a magnificent rattle and roar there will be whenever a halt is made, and the rifles are let down gently upon the floor with a thundering bang at intervals of two seconds! What pains every private will be sure to take to poke his hapless neighbor in the ribs whenever the time comes to throw up the left elbow! How straight the fours will be, and how hard each captain will try to look pleasant when he sees every man in his company asking everybody else what to do, and fears that presently all will come to him with questions the answers to which will not be forthcoming!

But since we must put up with these altogether righteous changes, suppose we all do our level best to make the battalion the best the Latin School has ever seen. Let me remark in passing that if anybody dare insinuate that he has heard that last remark before, let him come forth right speedily, and his blood be on his own pericranium!

In conclusion, let me advocate one more change which, I fear, has not yet been introduced. Heretofore, the proper elevation for the eyes has been the top of the gun-rack, which is undoubtedly all wrong. I am sure that the whole battalion will uphold me in the statement that the only proper places on which the eyes should be fixed are the galleries. Is it not so, O my comrades?

#### NOTES.

WE can say this much at least for our foot-ball record this year, that it is not so bad as it would have been if it had been worse.

WE have partly redeemed our reputation. It remains for next year's team to do as much better than this year's team as this year's team did better than last year's. That means bringing the cup to our library.

THE manager is looking for the man who said we could not beat the English High.

How flat the protest fell!

OUR game with Cambridge showed only too well what harm the neglect of practice even for a week can do a team. We certainly ought to have made more than twelve points. Ninety-three, take warning!

OF the graduating class one goes to Princeton, four go to Yale, and thirty-two to Harvard.

OF last year's class Butler, Dreyfus, Frisbee, Gilman, Gilmore, Grinnell, Hartwell, Laughton, Lincoln, Merrill, Molloy, Noyes, Perry, Pinkham, Sleeper, Smith, Snow, Teele, Whittemore, Wilder, Williams, and Woolston are at Harvard; Merriman is abroad; Clarkson, Gavin, and Kent are in business; Dodge is at Dartmouth and a member of the college foot-ball team; Carr and Field entered the sophomore class at Bates College; Yeames and Bon are at Boston University; Coakley and Cuddihy are at St. Mary's; Dorsey is at Boston College; Eveleth is at Technology; Pieper is studying dentistry; and Baldwin is intending to go abroad soon.

WHITNEY, B. L. S., '90, was unfortunate enough to break his arm in one of the class foot-ball games at Harvard. He is around, however, and saw us "do up" Cambridge.

THE tennis tournament was finished a few weeks ago. The following is a summary of the results:

Edwards beat Lewis, . . . . .	8-6, 7-5.
Horton beat Chipman, . . . . .	8-6, 6-4.
Gibson beat Twombly, . . . . .	1-6, 6-2, 6-3.
Gibson beat Edwards, . . . . .	5-7, 6-4, 6-3.
Gibson beat Horton, . . . . .	6-1, 7-5, 6-3.

WE congratulate Gibson on his well-earned victory and hope he will feel confident enough to challenge the winner of the High School tournament.

SOMEBODY makes the suggestion in the High School *Record* that the privates of the



regiment wear white linen trousers on parade day. The expense would be comparatively nothing, and it seems to us that the effect would be decidedly pleasing.

THE Bedfords and Bloomsburys are two divisions of the First Class. They are enemies and will fight out their differences in a foot-ball game. The Bedfords and their supporters will please learn the following war-cries composed by the Bedford Syrtacus:

1. (Before the first half.)

Bedford! Bedford! Bedford do we shout!  
Down with the Bloomsbury gang! Clear the rats out!

2. (Before the second half.)

Now on the Bloomsbury gang bursts an awful flood!  
Bedford on to victory! Blood! Blood! Blood!

3. (After the victory.)

Bedford has conquered! Bedford is right!  
Where is the Bloomsbury gang? Knocked out of sight!

(N. B. In case of defeat the last cry will be indefinitely postponed.)

WE are glad to welcome a new corporation which rejoices in this name The Tarpeian Rock Toga Company.

WE have good reasons to feel deeply honored. Uncle Sam has given us every facility for knowing what the weather of yesterday was. No doubt we shall more fully appreciate the value of the weather bulletin during the few days preceding the spring parade. Still, if the reports are a little hoary with age, it is very interesting to observe what the weather is in other parts of the country.

THE following poem (?) taken from one of our exchanges was written on the board in the physics room:

Little Johnnie had a mirror,  
But he ate the back all off,  
Thinking rashly in his terror,  
It would cure his whooping-cough.

Not long after, Johnnie's mother,  
Weeping, said to Mrs. Brown,  
It was a chilly day for Johnnie,  
When the mercury went down.

THE Derby medal, awarded last year to Noyes, is well worth working for. On one

side is engraved the head of the donor and on the other is the inscription. It will be given this year for the best English poem.

A WHOLESOME pun is a good thing, and the following from the *Jabberwock* is one of the best:

"Who were the first publishers of Homer? The Harpers."

The result of the foot-ball season is as follows:

	Touchdowns.	Goals.	Points won.	Points lost.	Games won.	Games lost
Hopkinsons, . . . . .	24	17	130	4	4	0
B. L. S., . . . . .	6	4	32	58	2	2
C. M. T. S., . . . . .	14	10	79	56	2	2
E. H. S., . . . . .	14	2	60	48	2	2
C. H. and L., . . . . .	0	0	0	135	0	4

## A POSTAGE STAMP COLLECTION.

"A collection of postage stamps! What good can there be in collecting and pasting in an album little pieces of colored paper?" many persons have exclaimed. But there is much pleasure and profit in doing this very thing, as I have found by experience, and my collection of postage stamps is one of my principal treasures.

The engraving and colors of stamps are very beautiful and attractive. South American stamps excel in this particular. Beautiful scenery, such as mountain peaks tipped with snow, ships, and trees, appear upon their stamps.

Other countries exhibit the animals native to their soil. Thus one of the issues of Newfoundland has its noble dog, or useful codfish engraved upon it. An elk adorns one of Norway's stamps.

But the commonest device is the bust of the ruler, or the coat of arms of the nation.

Queen Victoria's bust turns up everywhere, giving the philatelist an idea of how her majesty appeared at various times during her reign. The emperor of Austria is often seen, with a wreath of laurel about his brow, like an ancient bust.

My United States stamps form a miniature picture gallery. Washington, Franklin, Grant,



Lincoln, Jackson, and many others of America's great men adorn the pages of my album.

One interesting stamp is the issue of Egypt. The Great Pyramid and century-worn Sphinx, relics of the times of the Pharaohs, are beautifully engraved upon it. Another oddity is the stamp of Peru. A representation of the sun with the rays spreading in all directions is its chief characteristic. The Incas of Peru worshipped the sun. Hence this curious device.

Stamp collecting abounds in interest to the observing. The true philatelist,—I mean by this one who studies his stamps,—has his taste in art cultivated, learns geography, and unconsciously acquires many interesting points of history, while his leisure time is profitably employed.

If those who condemn stamp collecting could only fully understand philately, and so appreciate its benefits, they would no longer question its uses. W. S. D.

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### SPORTING.

---

The game at Dorchester on October 27 was interesting only as it showed how utterly demoralized a team may be without its quarterback. McElwain, who played quarter, did as well as could have been expected, seeing that he had had no practice in that position, but Twombly's unavoidable absence spoiled all good team work. Such a game does more harm than good to a team. It is true that B. L. S. won, but that is saying very little. The individual work of a few of the players was excellent, Beale, Gould, and Gay doing the best work. On the first wedge Gould hurt his nose badly and was obliged to stop playing for a few minutes. The ground was in a wretched condition and this, also, accounts for the small score, which was 18 to 0. Yet the score was an improvement on that of our first game with Dorchester which resulted 6 to 0. Wilson made two of the touchdowns and Beale the third. Three goals were also kicked by Beale.

It was known several days before the Cambridge Manual game that Scannell and Warren would not play in that game, so the boys were somewhat prepared for the defeat they re-

ceived. Warren's place was well filled by Wood, but Scannell's weight and strength were badly missed in the centre. The game was played in North Cambridge on the Spruce Street grounds, which are poorer than any other the team has played on this year. On account of the distance of the field from the school, B. L. S. had a small crowd, but these did what cheering there was to do in good form. Just at the last minute before the game began, Miller, who had lost his way, put in his appearance and prevented Russell, the accommodating youth of the first class, from distinguishing himself in his street clothes and a sweater.

Cambridge Manual started with the ball and made a good gain; this was quickly followed up by a touchdown by Whittemore. No goal was kicked. B. L. S. lost the ball on four downs and it was soon carried over the line again by Whittemore for another touchdown. This time a goal was kicked. B. L. S. made a good gain on the wedge, then lost the ball on four downs, but on the very next play the ball was fumbled and Wilson, breaking through the Manual's line, picked up the ball and scored a touchdown for B. L. S. Beale kicked the goal. The Manual now forced the ball towards the Latin's goal and Whittemore, massing his men as if to break through the centre, attempted to run around the end, but was finely tackled by Wilson before he had moved a yard. Soon, however, another touchdown was scored by the Manual and then another; a goal was kicked from the last one. Time was now called with the score 20 to 6 in the Manual's favor.

In the second half, although B. L. S. did not score, they did better work than in the first. An especially fine rush was made by Gould for twenty yards. At the beginning of the half a good opportunity for a touchdown was spoiled by the interference of a Training School player with Twombly's long pass to Wilson, who, unperceived, was at the other side of the field. Although B. L. S. worked hard the Manual boys scored three more touchdowns and kicked two goals, and the half ended with the score 36 to 6 in their favor. Whittemore's running and blocking off were

the features of the game. For our boys Lewis, Gould, Wilson, and Twombly played finely.

"Thy fate is the common fate of all" hereafter. Such is our message of condolence to the English High after the foot-ball game of the sixth. It was a great game as everybody will tell you who saw it or read about it. To say the result was a surprise to most people would be putting it mildly. It was simply astounding. We will quote a passage from the *Boston Post*: "The victors showed they were master hands in the science and intricacies of the game and used their heads all through the contest." And such was the secret of Latin's success. The extreme lightness of B. L. S., which was very apparent when they were lined up against E. H. S., caused much comment. But the game showed, if it showed anything, that it is not weight or brawn that wins a game of foot-ball. At 3:45 English High took the ball and gained twelve yards on the wedge, when rushes by Douglass, Mahoney, and Manahan through the centre carried it within a yard of Latin's goal; here Manahan took it, broke through the centre, and scored a touchdown. Bullard failed to kick a goal. Boston Latin had the ball at the twenty-five yard line and made a slight gain, but on the third down Beale punted. Manahan muffed the ball and Gay fell on it. Here B. L. S. got five yards for an off side play. A small gain was made around the left end, and then Beale punted. Douglass muffed the ball and Gay got it again and carried it to the five-yard line. Here the ends were brought back and Beale carried the ball over the line for a touchdown. No goal was kicked and the score was even. By using their weight to the utmost the High School rushed the ball close to the Latin's goal line and Douglass was at last pushed over the line. Bullard kicked the goal. Score 10 to 4 in High School's favor. At the centre of the field Humphrey secured the ball on a fumble. From here the High School pushed the ball by main strength to within ten yards of the Latin's line; here, however, the ball went to B. L. S. on four downs. Beale made a beautiful punt and Douglass a beauti-

ful muff, and Gay, who, as is his custom, was there, picked up the ball, and made a beautiful sprint of forty-five yards and scored a touchdown. Beale kicked a goal and this ended the first half.

B. L. S. started with the ball in the second half and Twombly made a long pass to Beale, who was finely tackled and held by Humphrey. The ball was kept for almost the whole time in High School's territory, although B. L. S. was unable to score. It was now getting dark and the High School were getting desperate and were forcing the ball steadily towards the Latin's goal. The ball was given to Douglass for a final rush, but, much to the High School's disgust, within two minutes the ball was in Gould's arms behind the High School's goal. Douglass, in trying to gain too much, had let the ball slip from his hands into Gould's who rushed it to the other end of the field with Clark chasing him. After this rush, time was called with the score 14 to 10 in Latin's favor.

BOSTON LATIN.		ENGLISH HIGH.	
Gay . . . . .	Left End . . . . .	Clarke.	
Lewis . . . . .	Left Tackle . . . . .	Howe.	
Gould . . . . .	Left Guard . . . . .	Vogel.	
Shea . . . . .	Centre . . . . .	J. Manahan.	
Scannell . . . . .	Right Guard . . . . .	Carpenter.	
Miller . . . . .	Right Tackle . . . . .	{ Ferguson.	
		{ Liggins.	
Butler . . . . .	Right End . . . . .	Humphreys.	
Twombly . . . . .	Quarter-backs . . . . .	Bullard.	
Warren { . . . . .	Half-backs . . . . .	{ Douglass.	
Wilson { . . . . .		{ Mahoney.	
Beale . . . . .	Full-backs . . . . .	T. Manahan.	

Touchdowns — B. L. S., 3; E. H. S., 2. Goals — B. L. S., 1; E. H. S., 1. Referee — R. D. Ware, Roxbury Latin School. Umpire — E. L. Richards, Manual Training School.

THURSDAY night, November 12, a meeting was held in Cambridge to examine the protest made by the High School in reference to the High and Latin game. After some discussion the protest was not sustained.

WE quote from the *Boston Record*:—"Twombly, of the Boston Latin School, is said to be developing into the finest quarter-back of the country. Yale may not get him, however, in spite of his big brothers." So we think.

WITH all the praise our eminent quarter-back is getting he is still one of the most modest of youths.

THE Latin School is well represented on the 'Varsity foot-ball eleven at Harvard. Mackie and Waters are old B. L. S. players.

THE B. L. S.—Cambridge game was played on the South End grounds on Monday, November 16. The playing of both teams was careless and unsatisfactory. Owing to lack of practice we were unable to score more than twelve points. Haines, captain of Cambridge, was unable to play, but his place was well filled by Dyer. B. L. S. started with the ball and gained twenty yards by the wedge. By sharp rushing through the centre the ball was brought to Cambridge's goal, but we lost it on four downs. Cambridge got five yards for off side play, but was obliged to kick. We soon brought the ball behind Cambridge's goal by the sharp centre rushing of Beale. The goal was kicked. Score, 6-0. Cambridge gained some ground by her wedge and was given five yards by the umpire. The ball was lost on four downs, however, and B. L. S. soon scored another touchdown, from which a goal was kicked. Time was then called. The second half lasted but fifteen minutes. The ball was kept near Cambridge's goal all the time, but we failed to score.

## BOSTON LATIN.

## CAMBRIDGE.

Gay . . . . .	Left End . . . . .	Close.
Lewis . . . . .	Left Tackle . . . . .	Frew.
Gould . . . . .	Left Guard . . . . .	Burrage.
Shea . . . . .	Centre . . . . .	Dyer.
Scannell . . . . .	Right Guard . . . . .	Davenport.
Miller . . . . .	Right Tackle . . . . .	Page.
Butler . . . . .	Right End . . . . .	Benshemol.
Twombly . . . . .	Quarter-backs . . . . .	Goodridge.
Wilson } . . . . .	Half-backs . . . . .	Moore.
Warren } . . . . .		Glidden.
Beale . . . . .	Full-backs . . . . .	Lovering.

Score—Boston Latin, 12; Cambridge, 0. Touchdowns—Beale, 2. Goals from touchdowns—Beale, 2. Umpire—B. E. B. Mitchell. Referee—R. D. Ware. Time—45 minutes.

## A FORTNIGHT IN ALASKA.

(Concluded.)

That afternoon the captain took the ship into Gut Bay to give the passengers a sight of some beautiful scenery. The entrance to the bay was not more than a hundred feet wide and the passage way wound along at about that width for nearly a quarter of a mile. Every one was sure that the ship was about to strike the sides of the channel. The cliffs rose up from the water's edge to a height of more than a thousand feet, and seemed as if about to fall over upon you. At last we entered the large open sheet of water which forms the bay. All around were high mountains whose tops were covered with snow, and illumined with the rays of the setting sun. At one end of the bay was the hut of a trapper, who, on hearing the steamer's whistle, rowed out to us. The captain asked him if he wanted anything.

"Wal," he replied with a smile, "I dunno. I guess I should like a piece of bacon if you got any to spare." Everybody was looking at the hunter, who felt rather abashed at the scrutiny. The cook by order of the captain brought a piece of bacon, a sack of potatoes, and a bag of flour, which were lowered down to the man amid his profuse thanks. The passengers got together a lot of reading matter which they also gave him. He took off his hat and thanked them kindly. After this, the *Mexico* turning about, left the man astern, and was soon on her way again.

Often we would stop at salmon canneries and take on cases upon cases of canned salmon to be transported south to the "States." After we left the last cannery our load of salmon aggregated over a million pounds. These canneries are almost always situated in the most romantic spots one can imagine, amid beautiful scenery. Chinese labor exclusively



is employed in these canneries. I went through about six of these establishments and saw the whole process; it will be a cold day when I eat canned salmon again.

One wicked firm in Alaska puts the following label on its cans:

“COLUMBIA RIVER SALMON.

PACKED AT ASTORIA, OREGON”!

I saw them putting on these labels myself. But I digress.

At length we arrived at Sitka which is by far the best city in Alaska. It looks more like a civilized town than the rest do. Here is situated one of the three Greek churches of America. Much to our regret there was no service given during our stay. The religious paraphernalia and ornaments in the interior of the church are very rich. The bishop's mitre heavily incrustated with gold and precious stones; the valuable religious paintings; the doors of the sanctuary which are of solid bronze and have been brought all the way from Russia; the immense wax candles, highly decorated, which are used only on great occasions; all these at once attract the eye and claim the attention of the traveler. There is a peculiarity about the paintings which is very striking. All of the painting is overlaid with solid gold and silver, leaving only the faces and hands of the figures visible. The metal work which overlays the painting is wrought in bas-relief to represent the rest of the picture. I am not aware whether any other church embellishes its sacred paintings in this manner. I only know I have not seen any other such work anywhere else. All of these paintings and other decorations have been brought from Russia, and are doubly prized on that account.

The scholars of the Indian Mission School gave a most interesting exhibition before the passengers during the evening. The regular school exercises were gone through with, after

which they held a prayer meeting. The strangest part of the performance was, to me, the sight of some *dean* Siwash Indians.

Having left Sitka we were at length headed for the Muir Glacier, the largest glacier in the world, which is three times as large as all the glaciers of Switzerland put together. We entered Glacier Bay early in the morning. When I said that Alaska weather was warm, I did not mean in the immediate vicinity of glaciers, for there the temperature is decidedly wintry.

The bay was full of ice in bergs of all sizes; and not a minute would go by without the vessel's striking some large piece. Slowly we threaded our way amongst the bergs, now stopping, now going ahead, now suddenly reversing full speed to avoid some huge berg. The captain stood on the bridge shouting orders to the pilot and keeping a sharp watch ahead. Thus we went along for about an hour without advancing more than two miles, and the ice kept growing thicker every moment.

Suddenly there was a terrific bump which shook the ship from stem to stern. We all knew that we had struck a “big one” and there was wild excitement for a few moments. One excitable gentleman donned his life preserver and made his wife and children put on theirs. His wife started to tie up her hair, but he exclaimed dolefully, “What's the use of doing up your hair? We're all going to be on the bottom in half an hour.” The details of this story which leaked out afterward caused a good deal of fun at the gentleman's expense, and it was unsafe to mention “life-preserver” in his presence for the rest of the voyage.

The damage to the vessel was serious though not so dangerous as had been feared. The bow was pretty badly stove in and the captain did his best to turn round and get out as soon as possible. He said afterwards that we hadn't got out a moment too soon.

So we didn't get to the Muir Glacier after all, though we got within sight of it. The captain cheered us up, however, by promising to take us to the Taku Glacier, which ranks next to the Muir. The ship's carpenter patched up the bow temporarily and we went on. We had about the same experience in getting to the Taku, bumping up against icebergs every minute or two, though the ship suffered no further damage. An immense glacier like the Taku is a most wonderful sight. A solid wall of ice over a mile long rises up before you to a height of between two and three hundred feet. It is of an intense blue, here and there streaked with white, and very rough and jagged. The wall is so long that it is impossible to realize its immense height. As the glacier moves slowly down to the sea, huge pieces of ice break off and fall into the water and become icebergs.

It is a beautiful and wonderful sight when one of these immense pieces breaks away from the parent glacier. You hear a loud splitting and cracking sound which gathers force every moment. The mass of ice that is about to fall seems to shiver a moment; innumerable smaller pieces tumble off all around the large piece; the huge mass begins to lean forward little by little; slowly it swings over, going faster and faster every second till at last, with a roar of thunder that sets the echoes flying, it tumbles with a mighty crash into the sea! The swell it causes makes the ship rock like an egg shell. After a lapse of perhaps a minute the berg slowly rises to the surface, with the water pouring off its back in torrents, and begins its journey south, to perish at last in the warm waters of the Japan current.

The splendors of the Taku glacier kept us for about two hours; then the captain put the helm about and we steamed for home.

We were gone three weeks and the sun shone only six days. In spite of the bad weather everybody had a splendid time, probably because there was such a jolly crowd on board.

I, for one, shall never forget my Alaska trip. It was the best three weeks I ever spent.

E. A. BALDWIN, '91.

## ANCIENT MEXICAN RELIGION, CUSTOMS, AND TRADITIONS.

It may seem strange to some to find in an American country a traditional worship of gods and goddesses whose characteristics resemble those of the deities of ancient Greece and Rome. But the Aztecs, who were the primitive inhabitants of Mexico, are thought to have come from some Asiatic country, and this fact suggests the reason for this resemblance.

At the head of the Mexican deities was the Supreme Being, called Teotl. His opponent, corresponding to our Satan, was called Tlaccatecolotl, or the "Rational Owl." In this case the Aztec signification differed from the Greek, which makes the owl the representative of wisdom. The souls of the sinful dead went to Mictlan, or hell, but they received no punishment except that of being deprived of light. The early Mexicans were not at first idol worshippers, but after a time their priests made images of the gods which the people soon learned to reverence.

The creative powers were recognized in the worship of a god whom they named Tezcatlipoca, who was also the dispenser of justice. The tradition was that he had descended from heaven on spiders' webs, and seats of stone were placed at the corners of the streets for the god to sit in when he visited the earth. The Mexican god of war was Mexitli. It was said that his mother was Coatlicue, whose children plotted to kill her, but, as they were putting her to death, Mexitli sprung forth in full armor and destroyed them.

It appears that after the first great deluge there arose sixteen hundred heroes. According to the Mexican legend these were the sole inhabitants of the earth, but they besought their mother to create men to serve them. She bade them go down to Mictlan, the god

of hell, for some bones of dead men. One of the heroes, Nolotl, went down to hell and begged a thigh bone, but, when he had secured it, he ran with it and fell, breaking the bone. This is the reason why man is of different sizes, owing to his origin from different fragments.

There was no sun at that time, and the heroes bade one of their servants to jump into the fire, and thus a sun would be made. One man complied and the sun arose in the east, but it refused to move up. The heroes requested it to do so, but the sun refused to stir a peg until all were put to death. Thereupon the heroes fell on one another and perished. Another one of the servants leaped into the fire, but the flame was not so bright, and he became the moon. The Mexicans had also gods of the air, fire, water, etc.

Centeotl was the goddess of the earth and corn, and had a temple on a high mountain, where she was attended by many priests. Teotitlan was the mother of the gods.

The Mexicans were very skilful in all sorts of games, but especially in acrobatic sports. To one of their games the Spaniards gave the name *voladores*, or "flyers." A tall, straight tree was stripped of its branches, and encased in a wooden cylinder. Four ropes hung from the top, supporting a square frame, to which four other ropes were tied, and these were twisted around the tree. Four men climbed to the top disguised as birds, and fastening themselves to the ends of the ropes, swung into the air. As they did this the frame was set in motion, and they revolved around the tree, the ropes becoming untwisted as the men approached the ground. Foot-ball was also a popular game in which even the nobility engaged. There were also games resembling backgammon in which large beans were used as dice.

The marriage customs of the Mexicans were

somewhat peculiar and resembled the Chinese customs in some respects. The young man was supposed to marry at twenty, the young woman at sixteen or eighteen. The astrologers were first consulted, and if all was well the young man sent solicitors to the girl's family asking for their daughter. The first request was always refused, but a second one was acceded to. The young woman was sent to her husband on her bridesmaid's back and was escorted by her friends. A priest performed the ceremony by tying the girl's gown to the young man's mantle. Presents were then exchanged. Four days were spent in fasting and then they carried the gifts and eatables to the gods. Polygamy was seldom practised.

When the Mexican died, his body was given into the charge of certain men, who dressed it in the costume of a god; if the deceased had been drowned, he was dressed like Tlaloc, the god of water; if he had died a drunkard, he was habited like the god of wine. They then put on his head a jug of water so that he would not get thirsty during his long journey, and gave him passports over the hard places in the road, "between the two mountains which fight together" and "through the place of the fierce alligator." They killed a dumb dog, and, tying a string about its neck, buried it with its master; this was to guide him over the deep river.

The calendar system of the Aztecs was very nearly perfect. Their great calendar stone, by which they calculated the cycles and their festivals, may still be seen cemented into the wall of the cathedral at Mexico. It is said to weigh forty-five tons and is eleven feet in diameter.

The most wonderful accomplishment of the Mexicans was picture-writing. It is thought that the art of representing historical events by pictures was invented by a tribe in Mexico. Many of these paintings have been destroyed, but from the remnants of them we gain what little knowledge we have about ancient Mexico.

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